

Freaks Play Pool - Exclusive On Page 6

THE OMEN

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE, AMHERST, MASS. • February 20, 1998 • VOLUME 10, NUMBER 8

Chair Falls Down Stairs, "I'll sue!" Says Idol Of Millions

by JACOB CHABOT

IN THIS ISSUE

ANNOUNCEMENT

Stuckwisch Declares Himself Omen Dictator

In a gallant, but not unexpected move, Wade Stuckwisch declared himself Editor in Chief and Supreme Puppet Dictator of the Omen on Sunday, February 15. "France is next," says Comrade Stuckwisch. "The Pigs of the former Omen monarchy have been ousted. Long live the people's revolution!!" Experts and spectators hypothesize that some unknown group is secretly backing Stuckwisch in this coup d'etat. Former Editor in Chief Jordan "Vicky" Strauss commented that "Puppet dictators always have someone else's hand up their ass."

MUSIC

Your Taste In Music Sucks

Whatever you are listening to, I hate it. It is garbage. I am much trendier than you.

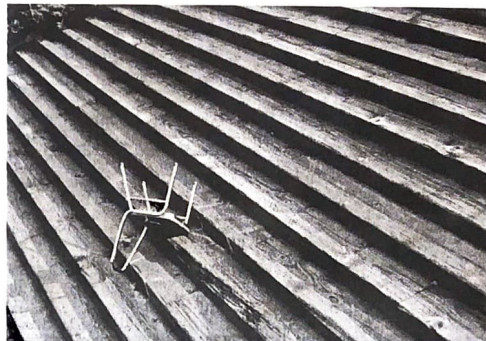
It was a tragic scene on the wooden staircase outside of the Art Barn and Music and Dance Building. A chair, who had just gone out for an evening stroll, tumbled and fell down the stairs, seriously injuring his back and left ankle.

"I don't think this was an accident. I distinctly saw a dark shadowy figure violently shove that poor creature down the stairs," says one of the paranoid freaks who witnessed incident. Whatever.

The chair is planning to sue for damages, citing negligence and poor stair manners. "The doctors say I might never seat anyone again," said the ass manager. Geez pal, why don't you just cry about it.

On a totally unrelated note, if you like to make comics, come take my EPEC course on comic books. It's in ASH 222, Fridays at 1:00. We read comics, take field trips, and draw our own that I put in an anthology. Let's not talk about this anymore.

Once upon a time there was this movie called Henry and June. Apparently this movie had some sex and stuff in it that made it not O.K. I am going to assume that in this movie there is some guy called Henry and a month called June. Throughout most of the film, 24% of the characters have no clothes on 47% of the time. Richard Nixon is not in the film, I am going to assume, which brings me to the point



The Chair at the scene, February 16. photo by Wade Stuckwisch

- why was this film so objectionable? There are some characters in this film that may or may not be based on real people. They do stuff like not knowing why they go to little Chinese shops and eatin' chow mein with some kinda accent or something. One of the characters, a girl with black hair, is so lovely according to another light haired girl who likes snow. They kiss and go to sleep. The light haired girl seems mad at the other because she wants to break her in two. The they wrestle. I think biting is involved. There is this one guy who will sleep forever if he falls asleep. This could be very disturbing to viewers.

Love is involved with many aspects of this film. Some people love other people. Other people do not, I repeat, do not, love others. The guy with the sleeping problem has no hair on top which may frighten small children and poodles. There is an insane guy with a hat in the fog. He may very well be the hairless man. One of the characters smokes in bed. This is not presenting a good example to children. If you are smoking in bed and fall asleep you could burn the house down. This is not a good thing.

Continued elsewhere. Maybe.

Students Protest US Iraq Policy With Smoke IN

by WADE STUCKWISCH

In a brave and moving act of social activism, a group of Hampshire students protested threatened US military action against Iraq by holding a "smoke-in" on the library lawn Monday afternoon. The students displayed signs with slogans like "War Sucks" and "Pot For Peace" while passing what was described as a "fat bowl."

One student protester, when asked about the goal of the protest, stated, "We're hoping to, like, create awareness and... raise the awareness of the Hampshire community by, you know, smoking pot."

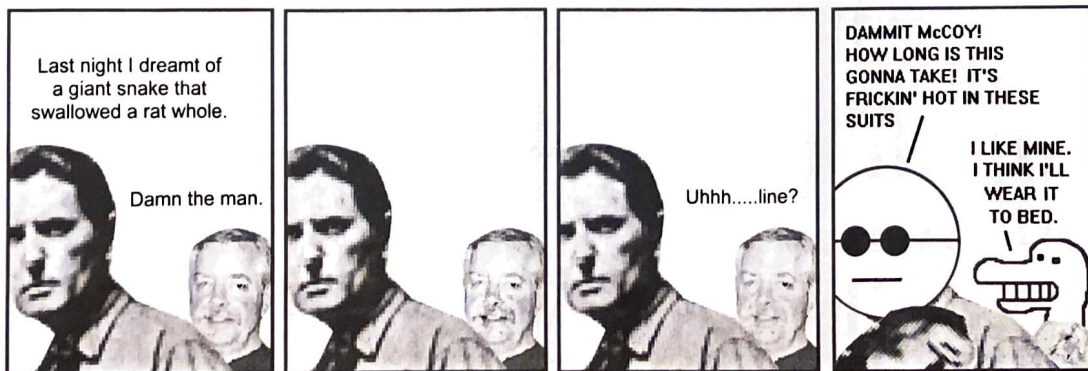
Another student protester commented, "Wait, we're doing what now?"

Threatened US action against the Iraqis has propelled student activism to a new high on campus (pun not intended). The students involved in the Monday afternoon protest promised that if US threats against Iraq do not cease they will "fishbowl the Yurt."

Another group on campus, calling itself "Art and Activism for Social Change," is planning a weekend of socially aware finger painting in response to the US/Iraq crisis.

When asked to comment on the Iraq situation, Omen editor in defiance Jordan Strauss stated, "Wade Stuckwisch is a little pig fucker if he thinks he can pull this off."

Oh, Surly! by J. Chabot



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The Omen

Volume 10, Number 8
February 20, 1998

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Jon Klein	A gay man. Really.

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Kimberly Anne Lewes
Cas Lucas

"It wouldn't matter if they were 300 pound white males. I'm an equal opportunity rapee."

-Matt Hamer



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to be responsible for what you say (sign your NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to** Michelle Beach (B-311, box 1127) or Jordan Strauss (J-309, box 1007). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Mat Lauritsen (J-304). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times.** What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL

by Jen Howk

So I had edged myself into that liminal consciousness; that self-hypnotic place therapists and cinematographers are paid to re-create; that veritable clitoris of introspection and manipulation of self-destiny. I was actively appealing to the Universe to send me something pleasantly unexpected. For a month my soul has been aching its way free of ruling class hell - free of this little sunny office in this little sunny town where so many truly evil people make their homes.

The computer in front of me drew in its breath, whirled, and beeped the arrival of an e-mail. "Volunteers urgently needed for congressional campaign in California," it said. "If you can be here from now until early March, we'll put you up in Santa Barbara. With a beach and everything."

So, yeah. Why the hell not? I love campaigning. And I

need desperately to get out of Juneau. This place, this scene, this legislature have been relentlessly sucking the marrow out of my soul for a year and a half. I left it for four months to attend Hampshire last fall, but since coming back in December it's been more of the familiar sense of dismay and frustration that only daily confrontation with a super majority can invoke.

The only way I can really describe the term "super majority" - which is what the Republican majority in the Alaska State Legislature is called - is to emphasize that they can do absolutely anything they want to the state and its people. Anything. Out of a total sixty legislators in the House and Senate, forty-three of them are in the Republican caucus. Republicans control every committee, have bigger staffs and better offices with better views, determine what bills are heard on the floor, and retain absolute con-

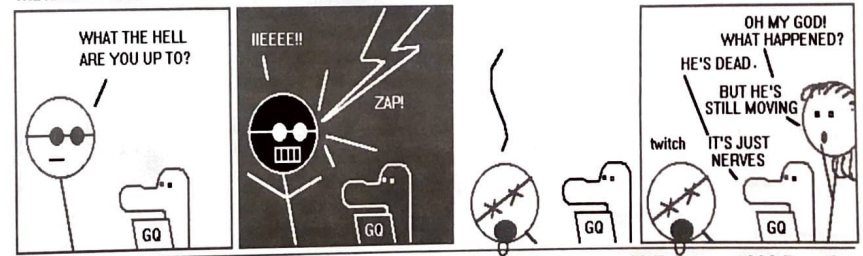
Ask and you shall receive:

trol over the outcome of those bills. **It wouldn't be so bad if we weren't talking about scary fucking Rs-the Al D'Amato/David Duke/Bob Dornan kind of Republicans.** Stupid, malevolent people with a stupid, malevolent agenda. We have a good Democratic, movie star kind of governor, but the super majority can override any veto he passes.

For these reasons, the minority is constantly on the offensive. Since the '96 election the Rs have arbitrarily cut about a hundred million dollars from the budget of the richest state of the union. Alaska is loaded. We have so much money we don't know what to do with it. If you live here a year, the state writes you and every member of your family a check for over a thousand dollars EVERY YEAR just for sticking

Continued on page 14

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY



Hampshire Cam- pus Police Log 1/27-2/9

Noise complaints

Jan 27, 12:46 a.m.: Dakin, J3.
Jan 28, 2:01a.m.: Prescott.
Jan 30, 12:03a.m.: Merrill, B3.
Feb 6, 12:23a.m.: Merrill, quad.
Feb 6, 12:44a.m.: Dakin, D and E.
Feb 7, 12:30a.m.: Merrill, A4.
Feb 7, 2:00a.m.: Enfield, 43.
Feb 7, 2:30a.m.: Merrill, A3.
Feb 8, 1:20a.m.: FPH, band.
Feb 8, 1:25a.m.: Prescott, 82.
Feb 8, 2:00a.m.: Prescott, 96.
Feb 8, 2:34a.m.: Greenwich, 21.

Traffic

Feb 1, 1:00a.m.: Enfield vehicle stuck in snow in parking lot.
Feb 2, 3:45a.m.: Motor vehicle tow, FPH and Prescott, four vehicles towed from F/S lots - all on tow list.
Feb 3, 9:56p.m.: Motor vehicle tow, Enfield vehicle on tow list - drop fee paid.
Feb 5, 9:51a.m.: Motor vehicle tow, Prescott vehicle towed from roadway.
Feb 5, 8:15p.m.: Motor vehicle tow, Merrill, vehicle towed from loading dock.

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Feb 9, 2:12p.m.: motor vehicle accident, Merrill/Dakin Lot, minor motor vehicle accident.

Vandalism

Jan 27, 7:15a.m.: Merrill door spray painted on Merrill loading dock.
Feb 3, 3:02p.m.: Merrill panel of Coke machine broken.

Larceny

Jan 27, 11:47a.m.: FPH copy machine stolen.
Jan 27, 10:15a.m.: Blair Hall personal heater stolen.

Fire alarms

Jan 28, 8:35a.m.: Merrill heater malfunction on C4.
Feb 1, 6:08p.m.: Greenwich, cooking smoke in apartment 7.
Feb 3, 9:23a.m.: Prescott, cooking smoke in apartment 89.
Feb 8, 6:46a.m.: Enfield, pot left on stove.
Feb 8, 6:06p.m.: Merrill, cooking smoke in A2 lounge.
Feb 9, 4:27p.m.: Greenwich, plastic bowl on burner, apartment 21.

Suspicious persons

Jan 30, 9:56p.m.: Library, nothing found.

Jan 31, 12:58a.m.: Prescott, nothing found.

Feb 2, 12:30p.m.: Enfield, unknown individual in Enfield apartment - gone on arrival.

Feb 3, 12:45a.m.: Greenwich group of students entered an apartment

Feb 4, 5:31p.m.: Back entrance, individual left campus.

Feb 6, 2:27a.m.: FPH Lot, individual in van, gone on arrival.

Etc.

Feb 4, 2:00p.m.: Student received strange mail.
Feb 4, 5:20p.m.: Greenwich dog complaint outside of Donut 1.
Feb 8, 10:30a.m.: Dakin student was threatened by 5 College student.

Arrest

Feb 5, 10:15a.m.: Public Safety, Adam Roth, 19, New York State, arrested on warrants for failure to appear.

This campus is dull.
Nothing ever happens here.
Someone wreak havoc.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,
Hi. How's it going? Yeah, me too. Well, it's 2 a.m., and I am still awake. Even though I *really* want to go to sleep. I have that dead tired kind of feeling that one obtains after being awake for 14 hours and then drinking about 5 glasses of red wine. Now, I really don't like to complain. Really, I don't. I usually never do. I never complain about food at Saga, or my classes, or Hampshire's antiunion policies, etc. . . . you know, all the things that us Hampsters love to bitch about. It just doesn't seem right to whine about such things when there are people in this world who would give an arm and an ankle to have even one thousandth of the cash that most of the students here mommies and daddies.

But I digress. In any case, there is one issue that I DO intend to whine like a sissy momma's boy about, and that happens to be this

particularly long fire alarm which is occurring now in Merrill, preventing me from being anywhere remotely close to my bed or the promise of sleep. There are two reasons that fire alarms go off at this school: a) someone did not heed what Smokey the Bear told them and was a bit careless with their proverbial Zippo, or b) **A tipsy prankster decided it would be funny to make everyone stand outside for awhile.** Tee-hee.

As I see it, there is an easy solution to both of these problems. First of all, I think that if *some* students could try to be a little more careful when playing with matches, then the alarms just might not go off as much. This includes taking care when cooking your yummy vegan treats in the lounges (like, *open the balcony door!*) and also to being

careful with candles when you are busy Goth-ing out your room. Cigarette smoke does not usually seem to be a problem, but fishbowling your room is probably not a good idea. If I remember correctly, the most basic thing to remember about getting high is to open the dorm room window.

In regard to the latter issue, I think that perhaps certain students have not realized that pulling a fire alarm does not quite have the same effect as it did in middle school. We don't get out of classes anymore, and you never had to worry about fire alarms at 2 a.m. disturbing your sleep back in those days. If you really feel the need to cause some damage in your inebriated state, why not try setting off some fire extinguishers instead? At least then you can be fined for your stupidity.

-Matt (I am NOT Taylor Hanson) Hamer

Dear Editor,
This is a reaction to the subject of "Eating at Saga," by Ross Ford and Cas Lucas. I did not actually read the article. If I had taken the time out of my busy schedule of drinking and go-go clubs you would now be reading a reaction to that specific article, rather than a reaction to the subject. Anyway, I figured the article would be crap: **just more complaining about the basically good (with points of greatness - don't forget enchiladas, omelettes, wing-night, and ice-cream - the point is, we've got options) food selection at the cafeteria.** I've been to three schools now, and this is how good old Saga/Marriot/Sedhexo measures up: better than Hofstra University (although they have better omelettes), and about the same as Western

Connecticut State University. If that means nothing to you than you probably haven't been to enough schools. Mind you, these are two schools I've attended (visiting doesn't count; you don't get the full flavor of a meal plan until you've been at a school for at least three months). Of course, this whole debate concerning the quality of food is pointless, as far as I'm concerned. My only beef with our cafeteria is that I have no choice but to take the fifteen meal plan if I'm living in the dorms. Yes, I know, this is Hampshire, and I can humiliate myself by whining to the right people in order to get my way. I shouldn't have to do that. If a student lives in a dorm with an easily accessible stove (Merrill), they should have the option of cooking for themselves. What, we can't handle it? We need Mommy Saga/Marriot/Sedhexo, or whatever the hell you want to call her, to cook for us?

I'm done. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Mark Hugo

SHAKEN, not STIRRED

by Dave Killen

Shad stared intensely across the table with eyes like well polished ball bearings, only bluer. The intensity of his glare was so great that it almost burned through his brother's chest, which might have made Sol angry. **His un-blinking eyes continued their assault on the object Sol was holding. He looked up and opened his mouth to speak.** I was afraid something like this might happen - these pool games can get pretty rough. But then, that's what I'm here for. To watch. To observe. To carry on and tell the story, should I be the only one to survive (which was beginning to seem more and more likely by the minute).

"THAT'S IT!!" Shad roared, his eyes finally blinking and darting about. "I'VE HAD IT WITH THIS!" His voice quieted. "Now put that damn holographic picture away! You know I can't ever work those things. Come on, let's play some pool."

Shad broke. The 5 ball went into one of the corner pockets. Sol remarked would it not be easier if they were to remove the beer bottles from the pockets, but Shad wouldn't hear of it. He liked his pool to mean something. He took aim on his next shot. Sol reminded him that aren't you supposed to hit the plain white ball at the colored ones, not the other way around? Shad pondered this thought as well as its metaphoric relationship

to racism for a moment, and grudgingly agreed. Pool is a racist game. But it was too late to stop now. He was in too deep, the stakes were too high to just walk away, never mind the moral dilemma. Suddenly, glass shattered. Shad knew from his extensive physics background that it couldn't be the bottle of Bud in the side pocket; he hadn't hit the ball yet. Plus, he noticed that a dark figure had just walked through a large plate glass window in the front of the pool hall. Shad was rather scared. Who could this dark figure be? The IRS? A pool shark he owed money? O.J.? Shad recalled something his English teacher had once told him: When you're not sure of something, ask a question. It seemed like a good idea. "Sol!" Shad said. "Ask that guy who he is, or I'll hit you in the head with the 5 ball." Sol felt threatened and almost did it, until he realized that there was a tremendous loophole. Shad had already knocked in the 5 ball! "Ha! Shad, the 5's in the table already! I don't have to ask him a goddamn..."

"SHUT FACE!!!" said the dark figure.

"Gabe!" exclaimed the other 3 figures.

Yes, it was Gabe Larson, scourge of the 1st period drafting class. Gabe had never met a pool game he didn't like, except when girls put that blue chalk on his nose. That happened to Gabe a lot. He wished they would quit, but how could he make them understand about the bad childhood experience he had had

with blue chalk?

"Hey, if you guys put any of that blue chalk on my nose I'm gonna make you chase me across the freeway again!" Gabe bellowed, just to remind them.

"Gabe, why didn't you just use the door?" It was a legitimate question. Gabe sighed. Sometimes Shad just didn't understand him. What's wrong with using an alternate entry technique once in a while, just to ease the monotony of daily life? Gabe decided to let Shad know how things like this made him feel, and to accent his point he whacked him over the head with a pool cue. Shad slumped to the floor, and Gabe suddenly had an impulse too strong to resist.

"Gabe! Why are you rubbing that blue chalk on my brother's nose?" Sol was more confused than angry or worried.

"Dammit, because it makes me feel good inside!" Gabe stood up, inadvertently bumping into the pool table, and, **by an incredible miracle of nature, NONE OF THE BALLS WENT IN!!!** He then proceeded to attempt to ease life's monotony by exiting through the ventilation system, with me hot on his heels. Frankly, I was worried, concerned about what could happen to him in this fragile mental state. The chase lead through winding city streets, over hills and valleys, and through at least one hot-dog cart, until we came to a busy road called I-5.

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Eight Balls to the Wall

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE Application for Admission

by Bert Cattivera

Mr. President,

Here is my proposal for a new admission application:

- 1) For what term do you seek admission?
 - a) Fall
 - b) Spring
 - c) Jan. Term
- 2) What is your favorite overused word?
 - a) Hegemony
 - b) Patriarchy
 - c) Misogynist
 - d) Paradigm
- 3) How would you describe yourself?
 - a) Armchair Communist
 - b) Suburban Socialist
 - c) Marxist Revisionist
 - d) Right-Wing Conspirator
- 4) Who is your personal hero?
 - a) Gloria Steinam
 - b) Noam Chomsky
 - c) Jerry Garcia
 - d) Gregory Prince
 - e) "Flavor Flav" Flavio
- 5) Bert Cattivera
 - g) I like Ike "Wife-Beater" Turner
- 5) What is your favorite "food"?
 - a) Baked cod
 - b) Boiled cod
 - c) Vegan pizza
 - d) Whiskey
- 6) How would you characterize your sexual preference(s)?
 - a) Homosexual
 - b) Bisexual
 - c) Polysexual
 - d) Rapist
 - e) Repressed homosexual
- 7) What is your favorite hobby?
 - a) Making loud, uninformed proclamations about the culturally-hegemonic paradigm of patriarchal misogyny
 - b) Participating in hippie drum circles
 - c) Enjoying whiskey, bong hits, and thick lines of speed

This application is due no later than February 28

(Note: This is not a real deadline; it is merely a suggestion). For guaranteed early admission, please include a certified check for \$32,000 made out to the Trustees of Bert Cattivera.)

continued from page 6

Gabe, an experienced freeway-crosser, made it with no problem, leaving me stuck on the median, where I still am at time of writing. I can only hope the next object thrown at me from a speeding car is a ham and cheese sandwich, as I've gone

almost a week without food. The carbon monoxide high only lasts so long, and the diesel fumes! Frailty, thy name is Mercedes-Benz! Anyway, I suppose I've gotten somewhat off-track.

Sol won, by default.

Note to Admissions Office: Yes, I'm



8) (Optional) What is your favorite race or ethnic group?

- a) Anglo-Saxon or Caucasian
- b) Slavic
- c) Aryan
- d) Whitey
- e) Hispanic/Latino/Latina
- f) Asian/Pacific Islander
- g) Arab
- h) African-American
- i) Roman
- j) Sicilian
- k) Celtic
- l) French-Canadian
- m) Indigenous/Aboriginal
- n) Other (please specify)
- o) This is an archaic, racist question

9) Essay: Write a long, inarticulate essay about the irony of cultural politics. Attention to grammar is discouraged, as proper grammar is an artifact of elitism. If possible, write in Ebonics. Attach essay to your application.

a lazy bastard. This is, in fact, the same peice I submitted as my "creative work" on my application. But I still own the rights! HA HA HA HAHAAHAHAHA HA HA HA. ha

Shad I can't ever work those things.

Oscar Grouch, or Like William H. Macy in Boogie Nights, Wade shoots his mouth off

By Wade Stuckwisch, unofficial *Omen* movie mogul

It only takes two things to write an Oscar preview article: a big, fat film-fuck stick up your ass and a working knowledge of the nominated films. And since I saw a ludicrous number of movies when I was home for winter break, I feel thoroughly qualified to proceed, stick-firmly-in-ass and talk about some of the year's best movies.

But first: every year, without fail, there's one really great movie that doesn't even get nominated for Best Picture. Two years ago, it was *Leaving Las Vegas*. (And fucking *Braveheart* won. **Bastards.**) Last year, it was *Sling Blade*. (I remember writing a paper on Oscar night last year and hearing someone yell, a little after midnight, "Fuck *The English Patient*!") This year, that movie is *The Ice Storm*, the movie that would probably top my Top 10 list if I had one, and didn't get nominated for shit. It was beautiful, it was flawlessly constructed, and Christina Ricci scared the piss out of me (I'll never think of Wednesday Addams the same again). She really ought to have been nominated for Best Supporting Actress. If you didn't see it, by all means rent it the moment it comes out on video.

The biggest surprise in the nominations for Best Picture, in my opinion, is *The Full Monty*. Why? Because a) it's not American b)...on top of that it's a comedy c)...about unemployed British steel workers d)...stripping, and e) it's really, really good. It's not just funny, it also has a lot of brilliant social commentary. It's

also the best movie I've recently seen about stripping (it's even funnier that *Showgirls*). Of course it's not going to win Best Picture. Considering the competition, I doubt *The Full Monty* will win for Directing or Screenplay either. It's a shame, but there were movies as good or better than *The*



Full Monty (cough, cough, *The Ice Storm*).

Speaking of showing off your willie, *Boogie Nights* got a couple nominations. To tell you the truth, the first time I saw *Boogie Nights* I didn't like it, mainly because it just felt like I had seen it all before. That's probably because stylistically it owed a lot to movies like *The Player* and *Goodfellas*. Once I got over my

bad self I realized that it's probably the first movie to take a touching, personal look at the porn film industry, when porn stars were stars of a sort and there was still such a thing as production values. It also took a harsh look at the excess of the '70s, like (cough cough) *The Ice Storm*. I'm beginning to detect the makings of a trend.

L.A. Confidential grabbed a fistful of well-deserved nominations in the categories that really matter. It's a slick and gritty movie in classic film noir style and very well done. But I really can't get that excited about this movie. It's good, but it doesn't really add anything to the film noir genre. The gunfight in the end is amazing, though. *The Sweet Hereafter* also grabbed a couple of important nominations, also well-deserved. Kudos to *The Sweet Hereafter* for strategic use of a Tragically Hip song and kudos to Atom Egoyan for snagging a Best Director nomination. (As a Buffalonian I have to root for my Canadian neighbors any chance I get.) Other than that I didn't get too much out of the movie. It was beautiful, it was moving, the use of the Pied Piper was cool, maybe I just didn't buy/care about/get the whole concept that this generation has lost its children. And what was up with that ending? And what the fuck was up with the random incest scene that never really got fully explained? I'll bet the Oscar people didn't get it either. *Wag The Dog* got a nod for Best Adapted Screenplay, but it really wasn't that great. It was scary and it had me disturbed for a good day or so, but there was lots weak about it too.

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HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE Revised List of Open Classes

by Jeff Barnett

Humanities and Arts

- HA 111 Wood Dusting I
- HA 231 Large Mosaic tiles (studio)
- HA 145p Cross-cultural vacuuming (proseminar, open to first-years only)
- HA 315 What if Oedipus was Gay?
- HA 205 Accordion Practicum

Social Science

- SS 183 Luxembourg- The politics of the Non-Country
- SS 129 Third World Worlds
- SS 265 Cross Cultural Engaged Struggles of Siamese Women Midgets with No Legs who have been Raped and/or who are Starving

Cognitive Science and Cultural Studies

- CCS 113 Visualizing your Parents having Sex

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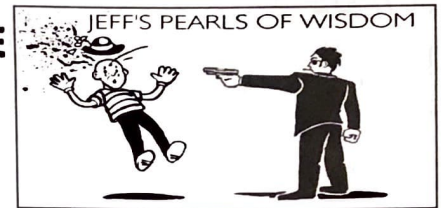
This brings me to one of my favorite Oscar-nominated movies, *Good Will Hunting*. If *Good Will Hunting* doesn't win for Best Original Screenplay I will be very pissed. I have to admit I'm biased because the movie was co-produced and, depending on who you ask, partly written by my all-time favorite writer/director, Kevin Smith (*Clerks*, *Mallrats*, *Chasing Amy*). If it does win I hope Ben Affleck and Matt Damon thank Kev heartily. Anyways, it was directed by Gus Van Sant (*My Own Private Idaho*). It's got Minnie Driver, Ben Affleck and Robin Williams in it, it's got thick Saath Baastan accents, how could

you not love this movie?

That brings me to the last big Oscar-nominated film I saw, *Titanic*. *Titanic* is gonna mop the floor with everyone. Why? Because it's really good, and because (more importantly) it's quintessentially Hollywood and doesn't suck ass. Yeah, let's see one of those artsy independent features that dominated last year recreate a whole fucking boat! Not gonna happen. James Cameron must be beaming that he made the top dog of the Oscars without having to do, say, *Amistad*. You will notice that *Titanic* didn't get nominated for Best Screenplay. Bah, Hollywood movies don't need decent writing anyway, just a good director and good special

effects. Hey, if *Titanic* does clean up, good for it, it was a good movie. (Unlike, say, *Braveheart*...)

Well, to finish things off, here's a list of some of the movies which, unfortunately, I didn't see: *Amistad* (cough cough Schindler's List in color). As *Good As It Gets* (as soon as I get the chance I promise I'll see it), *Deconstructing Harry*, *Donnie Brasco*, *The Wings of the Dove*. Biggest disappointment: *Jackie Brown*. Best movies that don't deserve Oscars: *Chasing Amy*, *Grosse Pointe Blank*. Worst Pictures: *Batman and Robin*, *The Postman*, *Volcano*, *The Relic*, *Mortal Kombat*, *Annihilation*, *A Life Less Ordinary*. Bye.



- CCS 114 Visualizing your Siblings or Grandparents having Sex
- CCS 274 The Mind of Rick Dees
- CCS 289 "Yeah, clowns are kind of scary. Y'know, what are they really hiding under that makeup?"
- Being Scared of Clowns; Fad or Legitimate Fear?

Natural Science

- NS 100 How That Guy Pulled Off Majoring in Frisbee and Why You Can't.
- NS 145 Trees: Are They for Chopping or Hugging?
- NS 370 You Wouldn't Even Understand.
- NS 372 Myths of Ratios; Too many film studies does not mean creating more film classes.

Outdoor Program and Recreational Activities

- OPRA: All OPRA courses are open. Yep, all 25 of them.

Horoscopes, not like the Collegian

by Mark Hugo and Travis Dale
All excerpts (unless otherwise noted or italicized) are taken from L. Ron Hubbard's fascinating book, "Scientology 8-8008." Read it, love it, live it.

Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

In order to have space, it is necessary to have a view point and the potential in the view point of creating anchor points. Thus in order to view matter, much less control or create it, it is necessary to have a view point. (Pg 36.)

Just keep your damn ideas to yourself, Aquarius. Nobody cares about your hippie bull-shit.

Pisces (February 19-March 20)

If the preclear is unable to conceive of "being happy about being insane" (which he usually cannot), get him to get the feeling of anticipation for a vacation. This is irresponsibility in one sense and in actuality, when deepened, becomes the "glee of insanity." (Pg 90.)

Take a vacation Pisces. I've heard WaterWorld is nice.

Aries (March 21-April 19)

Energy may also manifest itself as blackness. A space containing black energy may be black, but a black space may be a space existing only without energy in it. This point of identification is quite aberrative, and drills to permit the thetan to handle blackness are mandatory in processing. If one remembers one's fear of blackness when a child, and that evil is represented as black-

ness, one will see the necessity for doing this. Blackness is the unknown for it may contain energy or it may be empty or may be black energy. (Pg 83.)

Aberrative is a big word. Don't use big words Aries. Scientology isn't racist...no, really.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

Reality is established by wave direction or lack of motion. As one ascends the Tone Scale from 0.0 he finds the realities are strongest at the points of flow and are weakest at the points where there are ridges on the scale. The reality of apathy, grief and anger is very poor, but in the immediate vicinity of these there are more intense realities. Reality is established by agreement or disagreement or no opinion. Agreement is an inflow to the individual; disagreement is an outflow from the individual; no opinion can be established by the proximity of the individual to the center of a dispersal or by a ridge. (Pg 42.)

Today was a bad day to drop acid, Taurus.

Gemini (May 21-June 20)

[Note: MEST stands for the universe of Matter, Energy, Space, and Time]

It may be confusing to the preclear that being everybody can be conceived at both ends of the Tone Scale. The difference is that at the bottom end of the scale, the preclear is making the mistake of considering the "somebodies" around him as

MEST. He can be their MEST identities. At the top of the scale while still retaining his own identity, he can be anyone else's identity but this is on a theta level and is disassociated from MEST. That preclear that goes around believing he is other people is usually at the bottom end of the Tone Scale and has confused his own body with the bodies he sees because he does not have a proper view of his own body and so can easily mistake it for the bodies of others. (Pg 96.)

Your split personality will mess you up today, Gemini. Keep your hands to yourself, you little pervert.

Cancer (June 21-June 20)

The anatomy of maybe consists of uncertainties and is resolved by the processing of certainties. It is not resolved by the processing of uncertainties. (Pg 183.)

Cancer, it is certain that you have cancer. Tough luck.

Leo (July 23-August 22)

(Taken from Standard Operating Procedures 8)

Step 1: Ask preclear to be three feet behind his head. If stable there, have be in various pleasant places until any feeling of scarcity of viewpoints is resolved. Then have him be in several undesirable places, then several pleasant place; then have him be in a slightly dangerous place, then in more and more dangerous places until he can sit in the center of the sun. Be sure to observe gradient scale of ugly-

places. Do not let the preclear fail. Then do remaining steps with preclear exteriorized. (Pg 169.)

If anyone tries this with you, Leo, remember you're the Lion - bight their head off. Also, wear lots of sun screen...you'll need it.

Virgo (August 23-September 22)

The button behind sex is "I can begin life anew," "I cannot begin life anew," "I can make life persist," "I cannot make life persist," "I can stop life," "I cannot stop life," "I can change life," "I cannot change life," "I can start life," "I cannot start life." (Pg 184.)

"They were in the closet making babies, and I saw a baby, and the baby looked at me" - Ralph Wiggum.

The moral is this, Virgos: sex makes babies, so use condoms. Unless, of course, you like babies looking at you.

Libra (September 23-October 22)

Time is an abstract manifestation which has no existence beyond the idea of time occasioned by

objects, where an object may be either energy or matter. Time can be defined as change in space, but when one attempts to define motion as change in space, the definition lacks usefulness since one does not define what is changing in space; there must be something there to change is space in order to have the illusion of time. (Pg 51.)

It's funny because it's true, Libra.

Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

Action requires space and energy manifestations, and the definition of action could be doingness directed toward havingness. In order to accomplish action, a preclear must be able to handle energy. (pg 51.)

Is just me, or are there bugs crawling all over your face, Scorpio?

Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)

Before this has been run very long on some individuals, the glee of insanity will manifest itself and it must be very thoroughly run out. It is often a hectic, uncontrolled laughter.

This should not be confused with line charge laughter to which it is a cousin. A preclear that starts laughing over the serious things of his past is breaking locks, and he can be made to laugh in this fashion for many hours if the chain reaction is started. The laughter which accompanies the "glee of insanity" has no mirth in it whatever. (Pg 91.)

There all laughing at Sagittarius. Not a mirthful laughter, but a "Hey, you're stupid" laughter.

Capricorn (December 22-January 19)

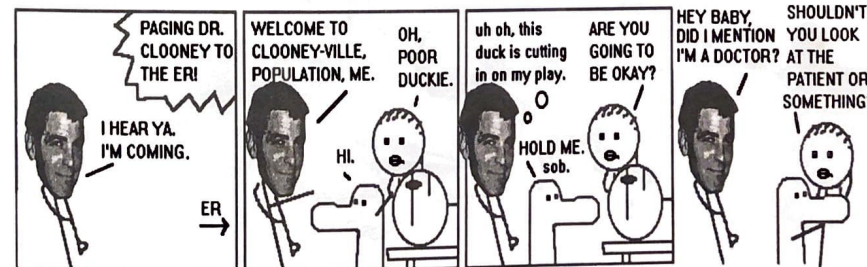
The criminal who has elected himself bad cause through having found it impossible to trust himself (and a criminal career always begins at the moment when the criminal-to-be loses his self-respect; a career of prostitution cannot begin until self-respect is lost; and self-respect is only lost when one considers himself to be bad cause) can only escape becoming an effect by fighting all good cause. (Pg 109.)

You took money for sex, Capricorn?! Where's your self-respect?


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THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY IN THE ER


by Jacob Chabot



CAMPUS SAFETY ALERT

 To: All Students
From: Mark "Who's Your Daddy" Hugo
RE: Vikings

Various problems have come my attention concerning a new minority group on campus, the Vikings. Although we at the Hampshire Community embrace peoples of all faiths, creeds, and origins, we are gravely concerned with campus disturbances attributed to these Vikings, or "Norsemen", as the preferred to be called. **Raping, looting, pillaging and heavy drinking is not within the norms of the Hampshire Community.**

We are in the process with negotiating talks with their groups representative. Please lodge any complaints to the Department of Norse Relations, as we are aggressively seeking an answer to this community problem. 



ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS

Do you need more money?

Would you put out for a total stranger?

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Hampshire
Whores Col-
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like to de-
liver service
with a smile.**

Call Madame Blowjob Spice and Pimp Daddy Hugo at x2120 for
an interview.

submitted by Aemily Reshen
and Mark Hugo

A Plot to Rule the World Or the Omen, At Least

A plague has befallen the Omen. That plague, my comrades, has a name: Jordan Strauss. This Jordan Strauss has committed the following atrocities to the Omen:

- 1) He has, knowingly and willingly, assisted, aided, and collaborated with **The Forward, a known enemy of the people.**
- 2) He has, knowingly and willingly, suggested many lame-ass cover ideas, and delayed the publishing of good covers.
- 3) He has, knowingly and willingly, been a wuss and a momma's boy.
- 4) He has, knowingly and willingly, slept under his own bed; occasionally in times of need, such as when he should have been helping with Omen shit.

This collaborator, this under bed sleeper, this wuss ass bucket is Omen Editor no more. We, the Omen People's Clandestine Editor Junta, Declare him deposed, and I, Supreme Puppet Dictator of the Omen Council of Doom, Wade "Lame Duck No More" Stuckwisch, declare myself Editor in Chief. **Our glorious new regime will lead the Omen to new levels of depravity and crapulence.** No longer will the Omen overflow with odiferous apology sections. No longer will the Omen flinch in the face of adversity, tenacity, or porongraphy. The collaborator is dead. Viva the people's revolution.

Sincerely,
Wade Stuckwisch,
Puppet Dictator and Representative
Omen People's Clandestine Junta
Omen Council of Doom
(Editor in Chief)

Jordan's reply
5 Wade has sex with pigs
7 He's a pedopheliac
5 I have proof (really)
by Jordan Strauss, the Editor?

the



MEN

continued from page 3

round. Just incredible amounts of money from the oil boom and the Pipeline are in Alaska's bank account. And we're cutting Headstart programs for kids, and cutting money for the tourism industry (hello!) and cutting every last bit of arts funding, and public broadcasting funding, and, well, you get the picture. And that's not the worst of it-it's the social agenda that really gets me. We've seen countless anti-choice bills, a vote that would resurrect the death penalty for this first time since territorial days, and elimination of the bit of dignity we've left Alaskan Natives by destroying their sovereignty and their right to priority of our rural fish and game.

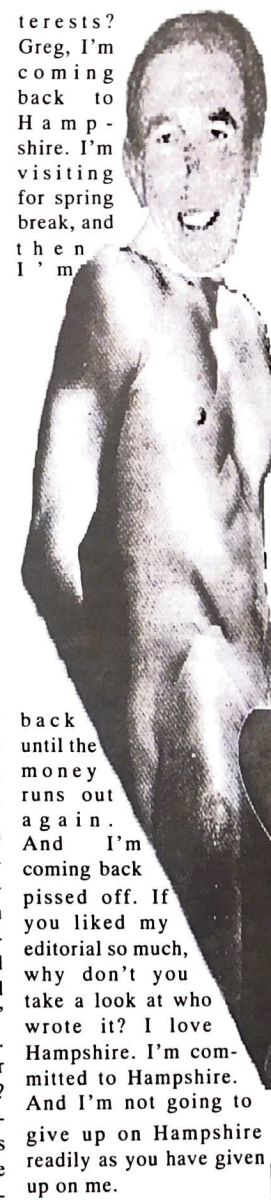
It all gets to you after a while. I played this game all last session, and really shouldn't have come back for more before those wounds had time to heal. It's an important fight, and I love fighting it when I'm charged and up for it, but I'm not helping the good guys by fighting in such a debilitated and cynical state.

continued on page 15

So I'm going to Santa Barbara for a while to recharge. Jesus, the last time I was in Santa Barbara was in 1994. It was in SB that I can so clearly remember seeing my father sitting in a restaurant, completely detached from himself, hands folded as if in prayer. He wouldn't - or couldn't - meet any of our faces, but just stared at the party that constantly rages just beyond his consciousness. Santa Barbara was the last place I saw my father before he became completely lost to himself and his family. It was also the last time I was on a vacation. So I'm looking at this campaign as not only a chance to get a terrific woman elected to congress and to get some sun, but also as a time to confront some demons and bring an aspect of my life full circle. I think - I hope - that's a healthy thing.

Oh, one more point this week. My sources tell me that **Greg said offhand he liked my last editorial. Liked my editorial.** You mean the one that said: "Until Greg decides to be a man and does something (about unfair loopholes in financial aid that penalize self-supporting students of divorced families), I'll take every second semester to work if I have to?" That one? So, wait a second. That's a good thing to hear coming from your students? That's a statement that reinforces the idea that you, as president of the college, are working toward our best in-

terests? Greg, I'm coming back to Hampshire. I'm visiting for spring break, and then I'm



Graphic by Mark Hugo

It has been requested by Mr. Chabot, Mr. Strauss and a number of Omen staffers that I explain this graphical submission. We'll take this step by step:

- 1) Jen Hawk's last two articles expressed the idea that many Hampshire students get "screwed over" by the financial aid system.
- 2) In the same sentiment, one could say students are getting "fucked over" by the man.
- 3) They have to get down on their knees and give the man head.
- 4) At Hampshire Greg Prince is the man.
- 5) Which results in this picture of Greg Prince.

What is he doing?
You tell me.

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back until the money runs out again. And I'm coming back pissed off. If you liked my editorial so much, why don't you take a look at who wrote it? I love Hampshire. I'm committed to Hampshire. And I'm not going to give up on Hampshire as readily as you have given up on me.

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ONIONS A Response

by Kimberley Anne Lewes

The article cited appeared in the last issue of the *Omen*. Such Saga bashing and comments are quite common in this publication and frequently offend Saga workers, who put huge amounts of labor into meeting not only the daily eating needs of the students enrolled in the meal plan, but also the food needs of all other campus functions. What concerns me about this specific article are the **glaring inaccuracies and half-truths which are contained therein**. What follows is an itemized list of clear misinformation.

"Unchanging scrambled eggs, grease laden sausage (mmm!), soggy French toast, and the ever-so light and crispy later tots."

1) The authors fail to mention the fresh fruit baskets, fresh cut grapefruits, honeydew melons, and cantaloupes, three or four fruit cocktail bowls, fresh baked muffins and coffee cakes, bagels, waffle bar, and large cereal bar, which are placed out at every breakfast.

"Possibly over zealous reheating of previously uneaten food."

2) Simply asking any of our student employees would have revealed that normal menu items are rarely saved or reheated, and potato products never are.

"Fast food."

3) Most lunch and dinner entrees take many hours of hardwork and cooking to prepare and hence cannot be properly called "fast food."

4) The authors fail to mention the two fresh, low fat soups, one meat and one vegetarian, the extensive and varied salad bar, and the do-it-yourself stir fry bar which are

included in every lunch.

"Three entrees, (two meat, one vegetarian)."

5) All dinners consist of four entrees, including two vegetarian options. Also included in every dinner are two steamed vegetables, a pasta and sauce bar, a cooked bean, rice, another starch (i.e., baked potatoes), and again the salad bar and stir fry bar which the authors previously failed to mention.

"Seven dollars you pay for dinner."

6) This is the most glaring and repeated piece of misinformation in this piece. This figure must represent what the authors were quoted as the door price for those not participating in the meal plan. Actual cost to those on the meal plan is approximately \$8.00 per day, three meals included. For students not enrolled in the meal plan who choose to pay cash for their meals the charge is \$5.95.

"They count on people not showing up."

7) Marriott does not count on student not using their meal plan credits. However, the smallest amount of food possible is prepared to minimize food waste, a concern which has been voiced repeatedly by the Hampshire community.

"\$2,270."

8) This figure is misleading, as a percentage of the fees for the meal plan revert directly to the college to cover the numerous overhead expenses of heating, cleaning, and maintaining the facility.

"This cost me seven dollars."

9) See note #6.

"What your seven dollars at dinner pays for is the main entree."

10) As stated in note #5, there are four main entrees at every dinner.

"Marriott depends on some (more than you think) students to make less expensive choices at mealtime."

11) As with note #7, Marriott does not count on people's menu choices financially as the authors suggest.

"Many students eat these foods several times daily as opposed to their traditional serving time at breakfast."

12) Here the authors imply that breakfast items such as cereal and bagels are put out all day to intentionally entice students and cut costs. These foods were put out all day **after repeated requests from the community and are in no way a cost cutting measure**.

"Lunch is \$4.50."

13) As with note #6, this price does not reflect the cost to those on the meal plan and hence those to whom the authors address this piece.

"\$10, less than the combined price of lunch and diner at Marriott."

14) Again, see note #6.

"Marriott, who has a guaranteed client base."

15) Marriott Inc. does not have a "guaranteed client base." Hampshire College may opt at any time, should they become sufficiently dissatisfied, to discontinue Marriott's contract for their food services.

I am writing you this in hopes that you will agree with me that such inflammatory and disinformative journalism has no place even in an informal student newspaper.

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Onions: Part 2. The Saga Continues Commentary

Editors note: This is part 2 of the Onions article appearing in the Feb 6 addition of the Omen. The author's wish for us to note the article was originally swamped in people urine.

by Ross Ford and Cas Lucas

But it still sucks.

We felt the need to compose an addendum to our previously published article, as many people took a wide variety of offenses to the piece's introduction segment. This decision came in light of a recent conversation, or should I say a few words we recently shared, with the big man Doug and his giggling henchmen Marcie. Needless to say these words were spirited. And on top of that we recorded the whole thing without consent. They shouldn't mind us publishing this, because in their mind they probably believe that they are right and that they won the argument, but **what they don't understand is that people will think it's funny, because it is funny.**

Marriott management had a few issues with our data, but as is demonstrated below, they were fairly hazy on the actual price of the meal plan themselves. The following segment is only a taste of what's to come, from our fucking hilarious interview with the main man Doogie Martin.

It basically comes down to this: Each student pays \$2,270 per year. There are 274 days in the school year, that is including October break, Thanksgiving break, and Jan Term. Dividing the first figure by the second yields 587. 14 meals. Which works out to \$3.86 per meal. On the 15 meal plan that equals \$57+ per week. Imagine this: you have nearly sixty bucks a week to spend on groceries. Sixty dollars. Forget Shop &

Save, think about Sam's Club. Sam's Club! If you are only eating 14 meals a week it still works out to \$4.15 per meal. If you're on the 9 meal a week squad, it works out to a full \$6.47 per meal. To be completely honest, during our exchange, both Doug and Marcie were unsure about the total cost of the meal plan. Doug said, "Is that for the whole year, or is that per semester? I'd imagine that's per year." Well, that is per year Doug, but it's still \$58 a week, and that's pretty bunk.

The Most Important Meal of the Day

The average price for a Marriott meal is about what you'd pay for breakfast in a diner, maybe less depending on where you're from. One of the main differences is that the food at a diner is appetizing, not to mention 'eggs any style'. Here you are expected to eat cereal (it's still \$3.86 if you only eat cereal) or pancakes or eggs and the Rotating bacon/sausage/patty module, the Rotating Fried Potato module, and of course our friend the bagel. If you eat all this you will be getting your money's worth. Where Marriott makes their money in the equation is in the simple fact that most students don't eat breakfast. You could easily estimate the number of students who will probably be attending breakfast by counting those with 9 a.m. classes. If you get there after 9 a.m. you only have bagels and cereal, and on sugar cereal only days that equals a half cup of milk and two kinds of carbohydrates, the complex variety (starch, which acts as a filler in this union of matter) and our friends the simple carbohydrates (sugar). Fast filling and

quick crashing, assuring your crash after that 10:30 class, demanding you raise your blood sugar by attending lunch. Which, unlike, the silver bullet fills you up fast and slows you way down with a bowling ball size load of grease that will send you to the shitter in 30 minutes.

The Issue of Cheese

If you're a vegetarian there are plenty of protein rich foods to choose from, and vegetarians must watch their protein intake, since most vegetable contain only small amounts of this necessary muscle building nutrient. That is if you like cheese. While Marriott attempts to offer many bean dishes, for legumes are good sources of vegetable proteins, often a vegetarian is forced to choose between something nasty and cheese. There is nothing wrong with cheese, I like it, except that there is a two pound ball of undigested cheese in my stomach and it prevents me from going anywhere too fast. I did not acquire this mammoth of congealed milk fat all in one go, it has slowly built up over time, because the vegetables I eat have, for various reasons, lost essential enzymes on their journey to my large intestine.

The Onion Commission

All right, I admit, from time to time I eat onions. At home I have been known to add them to a wide variety of foods. But seriously, what's the deal with the onions? I know they're cheap, but that's no excuse to pile them on in monstrous proportions. They are under the cheese on the pizza. Under the cheese! The comprise a minimum of 80% of the vegetarian burrito, a mountain of onions lovingly seasoned with a

continued on page 18

Onions is all I eat . . .

continued from page 17

handful of sliced red peppers and mushrooms. They appear in the form of large chunks in such dishes as potato salad, or anything oriental, or any mixture of vegetables bathing in a sauce of questionable origins. Mmm... questionable. As if that isn't enough, at least one, and sometimes more or the bagel bins have been tainted by the onion in one of it's manifestations, the dried onion, a close relative of the powdered onion, that finds it's way stealthily into many food products at Saga. But it's not just about large chunks of onion, or dried onions, or powdered onions, it's about the right to live onion free.

Cod Night

According to undercover sources, on "cod nights" as he liked to call them, as many as three trays of approximately 16 cod loaves are prepared. This is 48 total loaves. This does not necessarily mean that 48 total loaves were consumed though, inside sources say that the second tray is often more than half full when the "fresh" one is put in it's place. The significance of this occurrence must be weighed against relative statistics for other food, and the fact that as many as 450 students can be expected on any night. For instance, on a night when chicken quesadilla is served, production is greatly increased. A tray is put on the line every 15 to 20 minutes. Even with only nine quesadillas per tray, it still works out to 54-72 servings. The main difference in this instance from the cod is that these servings were more than likely consumed. Even if they were thrown out, why would a dish that hardly gets eaten be served with such

regularity? For those of us that were here for Jan term, it became cod central on those icy nights, you could float on the smell of 'Vera Cruz' style fish. The cod must be cheap, cheap enough to outweigh the cost of wasted food, at least in comparison to the chicken quesadilla or even the buffalo wings, also a high output item.

Solutions to an Obvious Problem

There are many ways of addressing the meal plan to better fit student needs. Some ideas involve alternate meal schedules, such as 5 or 9 meals a week as opposed to 15 for dorm residents. Other alternatives include buying a number of meals and subtracting from a balance each time you visit. Students could purchase 10 meals or 50, or only breakfast for the whole semester. You don't have to look very far for examples either. Hello? The Off Campus Meal Plan? Hello?

Tough Love

One of Saga's managers, Marcie Hersch said that students could have more control over daily feedings, but fail to follow through on actual menu options. "We are willing to do those types of things if students will put the effort in," said Hersch. "Complaints don't solve anything. You have to have suggestions."

She also came to the defense of Saga's ruthless mandatory minimum sentence, the 15 meal plan, forced on all students housed in the dorms. Hersch said that the meal plan was a problem generated by Hampshire's administration rather than Marriott. "Saga doesn't make

any money unless people come in there and eat," said Hersch. The meal plan is college's creation in order "to make some money and sustain the buildings." A necessary evil according to Hersch, "especially since it's Hampshire and they have no endowment. It's a common thing that happens in all colleges."

Most students are not as accepting of the meal plan's uncompromising nature, but what option have they? Small student co-ops such as the already existing Mixed Nuts group have had success providing alternate food options, but don't have much sway with dorm residents who already shelled out a chunk of change for crap. "They have us on the meal plan because we have no choice. It's a monopoly," said first-year John Abraham.

Other students such as third-year Matt Vickery felt that a school wide co-op would never succeed. "You can do it on the small scale, but something that's designed to feed 450 people a day, you can't get that many people served," said Vickery. "You need hired help and private companies do it well."

The other obvious solution would be to improve the food. Marriott is a very versatile organization when it comes to adapting to a community. In the past they have acquired special foods for inclined students (with notes from a doctor) and apparently will take recipes from students. But as an ex-student once said to me, "It's not the dishes, I like the idea of four cheese pasta, I like the idea of veal parmesan, it's the execution." He also said harsher words, but the point is clear, something about ordinary food changes

when it goes through whatever process Marriott employs. I don't know what kinds of cheese they put on the four cheese pasta, neither did my source, but **some vile act was committed to remove it's flavor.** So it is with cynicism that I approach this option. To say the least, I am skeptical of mixing my slop. In theory, a good idea, except that there are only so many ways to fix meatless pasta, or drain volumes of grease from beef stir fry, and so few peppers and mushrooms sprinkled on that mountain of onions in the vegetable burrito. There are only so many virgin ingredients, and it even gets boring poring heaps of cayenne pepper onto something in the hopes of burning your tongue into submission.

It's just the fact that Marriott dinner entrees cannot be judged by the name bestowed upon it by the, shall we say, diverse and charismatic group of individuals that compose the Saga staff. You never know when something's gonna come up too salty, undercooked, or flavorless, or have a phatty oozing mint onion center.

First year student Micha Chaulmer summed up the customary Saga dinner in this short narrative. "I've never taken some of everything and end up wasting a lot of it. You'll start to eat, but it's just so bad that I can't handle anymore. You can't tell by looking, you never know what's going to be edible," said Chaulmer.

Creative and Destructive Powers The Rubadub Style

Hersch said that Saga has tried to make actual flavor an option recently with the addition of the wok and seasoning bar. "If you want to make something the way you like it,

Onions and Cod, that is.

you just have to spend a little more time and be a little more creative," said Hersch. Though the seasoning can make a huge difference with the odd ultra-bland pasta of the evening, it is no match for the likes of, say, any dish with meat.

It is creativity itself that seems to be Saga's problem in certain instances. How old were you when you learned to make macaroni and cheese? You got the mac, the cheese, some milk and butter. No where in the recipe is white and brown custard called for. Who wants custard in their stir fry? What is that red stuff on the meatloaf? How do they shape the tempe into those shapes, and when will the onions stop?

I mean what the fuck is it? Is it made of something else? Is there a tempe plant? Other than an early morning orange juice only breakfast, two tempe loaves staring at you from the plate is one of the only stimuli I've found successful in inducing an acid flashback. It's like something you've experienced before but are unable to put your finger on it. Similarly, one is definitely dosed after taking on the tempe ball. But don't worry, it will pass in 45 minutes after a little water to help you get hungry again. The most shining example of Saga messing up a good thing is an assortment of pie and cake replenished weekly or whenever. One of the purest of American traditions is the devil's food cake, a cake containing only chocolate. Any one who has fallen victim to Saga's new twist on that tradition, that classic, knows it.

You've got your milk, you take the first bite, and all one can say is, "what the fuck is this, mint?"

"It's like brushing your teeth and eating cake at the same time," said second year John Ziniewicz. Yes, it's been called the Mint, the Mint Cake, and toothpaste cake by many students, and it is unquestionably evil.

Some students have developed methods they hope will predict the coming of the Mint. Voodoo practices one might say. Most methods involve the color of decorative sprinkles in the icing. Some say rainbow sprinkles are Mint free, others swear by the solid colors, but beware the green or white sprinkles. Last week I ate a piece of yellow cake with chocolate icing at Saga. I made two of my friends also eat it to confirm my reading: Mint! Yellow cake! No method is proven, and all have failed at one point. The Mint, like the onion, is an enigma. An unknown, whose movements and motives will forever be shrouded in mystery.

Towards the Light

My recommendation: hit Saga on a full stomach of grain alcohol, so that you stagger up to the counter in a blurry stupor. Then shovel large amounts of starchy vegetarian food and over cooked couscous (bursting with water!) to soak up that alcohol and time release you into a prolonged intoxicated bliss, at which point you will hopefully fall asleep forgetting the entire endeavor. And when you wake in the morning, be sure to drink your \$3.86 worth of cranberry juice (approx. 1.5 gal) that'll clear out your system and ease your hangover out of the dehydrated zone.